

» Lay Low

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

It's my hood, I been livin' here for seventeen years

Boy I done got jumped, my car done got shot up

I done got shot at, I been to jail, three, fo' times

"I want parents to simply wake up, to take responsibility for our own kids. It's time to take action! It's time to wake up and stop sleeping!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

Peace, what's happenin' rookie?

It's been a while since I been gone, just tryin' to fall in

Ain't nothin' new, sh*t, I keep it mannish

It's different now than when I was out, let's examine

What's happenin', junior? What's goin' down?

How the women actin, heard you was crushin 'em in the town

Look good don't they? Hell yeah, shoulda saw

The ones last week at the mall, hella raw

And all tryin' to come up, like video queens

So fine they make some of us do the stupidest things

But be careful though, get caught up, know what you doin

F**k around and be a teenage pop, and life is ruined

How ya momma doin? She cool, is that right?

Seen your sister last week at the bank, lookin tight

Keep yo' eyes on her, cause n***as, nowadays

Always lookin for some new ones to train, so many ways

And I'm amazed, but not amused as such

We all brothers but some of us gettin caught in the clutch

Another, day go by another, day's the same

Another, day of strife I say a, prayer for change

But I can't complain, and if I did, so what?

The best we can do is try to find the truth and come up

I'm still bangin' on these tracks, still keep hope for us

Yeah I'm back, still rough on wax, and still bust

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang

See the whole world goin' insane

Hope to see sun, it'll be rain

We lay low, lay low, lay low

E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end

'Til we get peace it'll be pain

And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 2: Paris]

What's on your mind? What, your homie died?

Over what, some bullsh*t? Is that right?

I known him since back in the days, we was tight

Used to date his older sister back in late '85

I just wonder why, the sh*t don't make no sense

How many gotta die befo' these n***as convinced?

Death is final every day for my people I'm prayin'

Seems so many lose our futures f**kin 'round in the game

A motherf**kin shame, another life is ruined

Know you wanna ride but gunnin for them n***as is useless

See we all confused, damn, but everything is a test

Don't let ego and emotions be the reason you slip

Cause though your boys might fall, fall for doin wrong

Friends drop like drawers, nobody mobbin 'like the law

And we don't need no more in the pen or at war

It's open season every brother on the street is a target, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

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[Verse 3: Paris]

Now even though I'm anti-pop, I still rise

And though it seem it ain't gon' stop, I still rise

Above this bullsh*t hip-hop, I still rise

Supply, wise words, disguised in rhyme verse

I curse, what these n***as is sayin, ain't nothin' real

Just fairy tales of pimpin' these sisters and makin' mail

I see 'em pose, see the b*t*hy roles they play

See these videos they sh*tty, see the way we portrayed

See these sellin'-out acts just sellin' our rap

Believe wannabe macks with powerhouse tracks

Redefined black manhood, defied Allah
We rise up, f**k this bullsh*t, survival or die
See them thuggin', n***as muggin' with that criminal pout
See 'em frown in every photo, see that sh*t in they mouth
See 'em tattered, lookin' battered, chasin' pu**y and weed
Makin' hookers out of queens, every video feed
I see these labels sit back, push this sh*t like crack
Now every record every act, got you thinkin' it's black
To act a fool, chasin' pu**y like it's hard to get
I see these crackers think it's cool, bein' n***as for chips
I split jiggaboo chins, a***yze these trends
If it's down to me and them I'm sendin' flowers to kin
Ain't nothin' easy in this world, struggle makes the man
Don't let these motherf**kers do you understand the plan, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

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